

The BLAST

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No. 5



YOUNG RUSSIA:—"What's the idea?"

YOUNG AMERICA:—"Democracy!"

YOUNG RUSSIA:—"Well, You know how I got mine."

To The Youth of America

TYRANNY must be opposed at the start.

Autocracy, once secure in the saddle, is difficult to dislodge.

If you believe that America is entering the war "to make democracy safe," then be a man and volunteer.

But if you know anything at all, then you should know that the cry of democracy is a lie and a snare for the unthinking. You should know that a republic is not synonymous with democracy, and that America has never been a real democracy, but that it is the vilest plutocracy on the face of the globe.

If you can see, hear, feel, and think, you should know that King Dollar rules the United States, and that the workers are robbed and exploited in this country to the heart's content of the masters.

If you are not deaf, dumb, and blind, then you know that the American bourgeois democracy and capitalistic civilization are the worst enemies of labor and progress, and that instead of protecting them, you should help to fight to destroy them.

If you know this, you must also know that the workers of America have no enemy in the toilers of other countries. Indeed, the workers of Germany suffer as much from their exploiters and rulers as do the masses of America.

You should know that the interests of Labor are identical in all countries. Their cause is international.

Then why should they slaughter each other?

The workers of Germany have been misled by their rulers into donning the uniform and turning murderers.

So have the workers of France, of Italy and England been misled.

But why should *you*, men of America, allow yourselves to be misled into murder or into being murdered?

If your blood must be shed, let it be in defense of your own interests, in the war of the workers against their despoilers, in the cause of real liberty and independence.

Registration

REGISTRATION is the first step of conscription.

The war shouters and their prostitute press, bent on snaring you into the army, tell you that registration has nothing to do with conscription.

They lie.

Without registration, conscription is impossible.

Conscription is the abdication of your rights as a citizen. Conscription is the cemetery where every vestige of your liberty is to be buried. Registration is its undertaker.

No man with red blood in his veins can be forced to fight against his will.

But you cannot successfully oppose conscription if you approve of, or submit to, registration.

Every beginning is hard. But if the government can induce you to register, it will have little difficulty in putting over conscription.

By registering you wilfully supply the government with the information it needs to make conscription effective.

Registration means placing in the hands of the authorities the despotic power of the machinery of passports which made darkest Russia what it was before the Revolution.

There are thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of young men in this country who have never voted and who have never paid taxes, and who, legally speaking, have no official existence. Their registration means nothing short of suicide, in a majority of cases.

Failure to register is punishable by imprisonment. Refusal to be conscripted may be punishable by death.

To register is to acknowledge the right of the government to conscript.

The consistent conscientious objector to human slaughter will neither register nor be conscripted.

Alexander Berkman.

War As a Test of Anti-Militarist Sincerity

Leonard D. Abbott

THE man whose convictions crumble at the first touch of reality can hardly be described as a man of principle.

The anti-militarist who surrenders his convictions in the face of war forfeits, by this surrender, his right to be called an anti-militarist. In the present crisis, the libertarian movement is being tested as by flames of fire. We are finding out who were in earnest in their radical protestations, and who were not. We are called upon to testify, each one of us, whether, when we said we were opposed to militarism, we meant what we said, or whether our words were mere sound and fury, signifying nothing.

This country is confronted by a program of complete militarization. President Wilson, after declaring two years ago that he was opposed to plans for turning America into an armed camp and for making our young men soldiers, has reversed himself and is vigorously prosecuting the very policy that he has hitherto denounced. The man who was re-elected to the Presidency on the ground that he "kept us out of war" is now leading us into war. We are entering, it seems, on a veritable debauch of patriotism and flag-worship. Enlistment posters on every boarding offend the eye. Recruiting stations are being established on every street corner. Soldiers swagger up and down our streets, or clatter by on horse-back with arms and accoutrements. America, which has boasted in the past that it was one of the

least military nations of the world, now bids fair to become one of the most military.

It took England two years to pass a conscription law. Australia still refuses to take its citizens by force and to ship them across the seas to be slaughtered in Europe. The issue is unsettled in Canada. But the United States, with indecent haste, put upon the statute books a law that is more drastic than even the European laws, and that gives the lie to our vaunted "liberty."

A movement has been started to send a replica of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor to Russia. Why not send the original statue, since we seem to be through with it?

Salesmen commissioned by the Government at Washington are going up and down the land asking us to buy "Liberty" Bonds. These ought to be called "Slavery" Bonds, for they are the outward and visible manifestation of our efforts to put this country under the yoke of a military despotism.

Hand in hand with the militarization of America goes, of course, the suppression of our civil liberties. The two have ever gone hand in hand. Censorship and the suppression of a free press are taken as a matter of course. Standards to safeguard labor, carefully built up through years, are swept aside. Public meetings are being broken up by

the police. Socialist and radical club-rooms are being raided. Men and women are being arrested for no other reason than that they have the courage to reassert their allegiance to principles of liberty that hitherto have been regarded as American principles, but that now are being shamelessly trampled under foot.

We are told that these sacrifices are necessary in order to defeat Germany. We do not admit the necessity. There is less reason for the Socialists, Syndicalists and Anarchists of this country to go into war than there has been for the radical groups of any of the other countries now engaged in the war. We are not invaded. Germany is unwilling, even yet, to make formal declaration of war against the United States. The fact that American ships, carrying munitions of war, have been destroyed 4,000 miles away is no adequate reason for turning this country into an armed camp. The militarization of America is an evil that far outweighs, in its anti-libertarian effects, any good that may be accomplished by America's participation in the war.

In the efforts that are now being made to militarize this country, we can only assert, more emphatically than ever, our opposition to militarism and to everything that it stands for. We opposed this country's entry into the war, and we still oppose it. We are not interested in wars waged by capitalistic governments.

We oppose militarism, first of all, because we are internationalists. We give no allegiance to a country as a country. We join hands with our own kind in every country. Our loyalty is not to a locality, but to principles of freedom and justice and to the economic interest of the working class.

We oppose militarism, in the second place, because we

are anti-Statist. We take our stand not with the military establishments of any existing capitalistic government, but with our own brothers of all nations in the fight for social revolution. If the revolutionary movement needs to use force, it ought to create its own army as the rebels in Ireland did last year. The working class recognizes only one enemy—the capitalist and exploiting class of the world.

The power of thought and the power of the working-class movement—these, as Bertrand Russell says in his last book, "Why Men Fight"—are the forces that shall finally rid the world of the curse of militarism.

The working-class, if it were class-conscious, could end war, all war, tomorrow. Without the consent of the working-class there could be no war. Munitions that slay men, food that sustains men, trains and ships that carry soldiers to the field of battle, are all produced and carried forward by working men. Some day, the working-class will be educated to the realization of their own interest and the interest of humanity. They will know the power of their strongest weapon, a non-military weapon, the General Strike. They will make common cause in all countries. In that moment war will end.

In the meantime, let us remember that no power on earth is stronger than the conscience of even one individual. No power on earth can make a man a soldier, or can make him fight, if he refuses to be a soldier and if he refuses to fight. The young man who with clean sincerity and idealism refuses to be conscripted is stronger than any and all the governments of the earth. He fights with spiritual weapons. He fights for the liberty not only of himself, but of all generations to come. And he will be vindicated, finally, in the eyes of the whole world.

Die Mutter—True Story

From "Short Rations." by Madeline Z. Doty.

THE sky was shining blue. The air was still. The warmth of summer brooded over the land. But no bird's song broke the stillness. No bees fluttered over flowers. The earth lay torn and bare. In deep brown furrows of the earth, hundreds of restless men lay or knelt or stood.

The land was vibrant with living silence. But now and then a gigantic smashing roar broke the tense stillness. Then in some spots the ground spit forth masses of dirt, a soldier's helmet, a tattered rag of uniform, and bits of a human body.

It was after such a blast that a great winged object came speeding from the north. It skimmed low over the trenches and dipped, and circled and paused above the English line. Like a great eagle it seemed about to rush to earth, snatch its prey, and then be off. But as it hung suspended, another whirling monster flew from the south. It winged its way above its rival, then, turning, plunged downward. The great cannons grew silent. The eyes of the pigmies in the trenches gazed skyward. A breathless tenseness gripped the earth. Only sun and sky shone on with no whisper of the mad fight of these two winged things.

For a few wild moments they rushed at one another. Then the bird with wings of white rose high, turned back, and plunged again upon the creature marked with huge, black crosses.

It missed its prey, but there came a crackling sound. A puff of smoke, like a hot breath, burst from the bird of the iron crosses. It shuddered, dropped, turned, and fell head down. With sweeping curves the pursuer also came to earth. A lean young Englishman sprang from the whirling engine. His body quivered with excitement. He sped with running feet to the broken object lying on the ground. He knelt by the twisted mass. Beneath the splintered wood

and iron he saw a boyish figure. It was still and motionless. He gently pulled the body out. A fair young German lay before him. A deep gash in the head showed where a blow had brought instant death. The body was straight and supple, the features clear-cut and clean. A boy's face with frank and fearless brow looked up at the young Englishman. The eyes held no malice. They were full of shocked surprise. The brown-haired lad felt the lifeless heart. A piece of cardboard met his fingers. He pulled it from the coat pocket. It was a picture—a picture of a woman—a woman with gray hair and kindly eyes—a mother whose face was lined with patient suffering. Scrawled beneath the portrait in boyish hand were the words, "Meine Mutter."

A SOB choked the young Englishman. Tenderly he gathered the lifeless form in his strong arms. Then he rose and walked unheeding across the open field of battle. But no angry bullets pelted after him. The men in the trenches saw and understood. Behind the lines the boy laid his burden down. Taking paper and pencil from his pocket and placing the little picture before him, he began to write.

When he had finished he placed the letter and portrait in a carefully directed envelope. Then walking hurriedly to his machine, he prepared for flight. Soon he was skimming low over the enemy trenches. Leaning out, he dropped his missile. The cannons roared, but no rifle was turned on the bright figure. Instinctively, men knew his deed was one of mercy. As the little paper fluttered downward it was picked up by eager soldier hands. A little cheer broke from a hundred throats. Willing messengers passed it to the rear. Speedily it went on its way.

Twenty-four hours later a mother with pale face and trembling hands fingered the white scrap of paper. Her unseeing eyes gazed out on a smiling landscape. Between green

meadows in the warm summer sunshine lay the glittering Rhine. But she saw nothing. Her baby boy was dead. Memories of him flooded her. She felt again the warmth of the baby body as it clung to her's and the pull of the tiny hands at her breast. She saw him as a boy, his eager restlessness. She heard his running steps at the door and his cry of "mother." It was over. That bright spirit was still. The third and last son had been exacted.

HER fingers touched the letter in her lap. Her eyes fell on the penciled words. Slowly they took meaning. This boy who wrote: he'd seen the beauty of her son. He'd held the dear body in his arms. His heart was torn by anguish. What was it he said:

"It's your son. I know you can't forgive me, for I killed him. But I want you to know he didn't suffer. The end came quickly. He was very brave. He must also have been very good. He had your picture in his pocket. I am sending it back, though I should like to keep it. I suppose I am his enemy, yet I don't feel so at all. I'd give my life to have him back. I didn't think of him or you when I shot at his machine. He was an enemy spying out our men. I couldn't let him get back to tell his news. It meant death to our men. It was a plucky deed. We were covered up with brush. He had to come quite low to see us and he came bravely. He nearly escaped me. He handled his machine magnificently. I thought how I should like to fly with him. But he was the enemy and had to be destroyed. I fired. It was over in a second. Just a blow on the head as the machine crashed to earth. His face shows no suffering, only excitement. His eyes are bright and fearless. I know you must have loved him. My mother died when I was quite a little boy. But I know what she would have felt if I had been killed. War isn't fair to women. God! how I wish it were over. It is a nightmare. I feel if I just touched your boy, he'd wake and we'd be friends. I know his body must be dear to you. I will take care of it and mark his grave with a little cross. After the war you may want to take him home.

"For the first time, I'm almost glad my mother isn't living. She could not have borne what I have done. My own heart is heavy. I felt it was my duty. Yet now when I see your son lifeless before me and hold your picture in my hand, it all seems wrong. The world is dark. O Mother, be my mother just a little, too, and tell me what to do.—HUGH."

SLOWLY great tears rolled down the woman's cheeks. What was this monster that was smashing men? Her boy and this other, they were the same. No hate was in their hearts. They suffered—the whole world suffered. Her country went in hunger. The babies in the near-by cottages grew weak for want of milk. She mustn't tell that to the English lad. His heart would break. Why must such suffering be? Was she to blame? There was the English lad without a mother. She had not thought of him and others like him. Her home, her sons, her Fatherland, these had been sufficient. But each life hangs on every other. Motherhood is universal.

Suddenly she knew what to write, what she must say to that grief-stricken English boy. Quickly her hand penned the words:

"Dear Lad: There is nothing to forgive. I see you as you are—your troubled goodness. I feel you coming to me like a little boy astounded at having done ill when you meant well. You seem my son. I am glad your hands cared for my other boy. I had rather you than any other touched his earthly body. He was my youngest. I think you saw his fineness. I know the torture of your heart since you have slain him. To women brotherhood is a reality. For all men are our sons. That makes war a monster that brother must slay

brother. Yet perhaps women more than men have been to blame for this world war. We did not think of the world's children, our children. The baby hands that clutched our breasts were so sweet, we forgot the hundred other baby hands stretched out to us. But the Earth does not forget, she mothers all. And now my heart aches with repentance. I long to take you in my arms and lay your head upon my breast to make you feel through me your kinship with all the earth. Help me, son, I need you. Spread the dream of oneness and love throughout the world. When the war is over come to me. I am waiting for you.—DEINE MUTTER."

War Dictionary

Alexander Berkman

- ALLIES—The fairies of Democracy.
- BARBARIANS—The other fellows.
- CONGRESS—The valet of Woodrow the First.
- CENSORSHIP—The rape of Free Speech.
- CONSCRIPTION—Free men fighting against their will.
- CIVILIZATION—In God We Trust.
- DEMOCRACY—The voice of the Gallery Gods.
- FREE SPEECH—Say what you please, but keep your mouth shut.
- HUNS—Loyal patriots from Central Europe.
- HUMANITY—Treason to government.
- JUSTICE—Successful target shooting.
- LOYAL CITIZEN—Deaf, dumb and blind.
- KAISER—A President's ambition.
- LIBERTY LOAN—The bread line of the Unborn.
- LIBERTY BOND—A bone from a bonehead.
- SEDITION—The proof of Tyranny.
- MILITARISM—Christianity in action.
- PATRIOTISM—Hating your neighbor.
- REGISTRATION—Funeral march of Liberty.
- SLACKER—Jesus Christ.
- TRENCHES—Digging your own grave.
- UN-AMERICAN—Independent opinion.
- UN-DEMOCRATIC—Ideals.
- UNIFORM—Government strait-jacket.
- VICTORY—Ten million dead.
- WAR—The propaganda of Democracy.

* * *

WHICH is the braver? The man who falls in line with the great majority or he that faces the wrath of millions for conscience sake?

Do not confound us with the pacifists. We believe in fighting. Aye, we have been fighting all our lives—fighting injustice, oppression and tyranny. Almost single handed at that.

We are not pacifists. But we want to know what we are fighting for, and we refuse to fight for the enemies and the exploiters of humanity.

* * *

THE endurance of the inequalities of life by the poor is the marvel of human society.

—James Anthony Froude

DO not waste your time on Social Questions. What is the matter with the poor is Poverty, what is the matter with the Rich is Uselessness.

—George Bernard Shaw

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Reflections

I DO not see how any thoughtful man could witness the spectacle of Congress in the past month or two without having his faith in representative government entirely destroyed. Legislation of the most vital and fundamental character has been passed without even the pretense of getting the consent of the people. Laws affecting the well-being of the nation, aye, the very lives of the citizens, have been put on the statute books without affording the voters an opportunity to voice their sentiments. More than that, representatives and senators have been forced to vote in favor of things in which they do not believe, and to which many of them are even opposed. In this manner war has been declared, and thus conscription and a score of other important laws have been passed, and no one had really anything to say about it except the President and the small clique of Congressional Wall Street heelers.

Talk about democracy! Never in the history of man has there been devised a more subtle snare to throttle the liberty and expression of the people. Behind the mask of American representative popular government, there hides a monster more autocratic and despotic than seen in Russia in the palmiest days of the Romanovs.

There is nothing more criminal than to delude the people with the promise of legislative panaceas. Politics is the game of the masters. The rules of the game are made by themselves, with or without the consent of the people, according as it serves the best interests of the rulers and always is the Law—the tool of oppression.

* * *

PACIFISTS and others claim that the American people do not want war. I do not know whether it is really true. To be sure, they were not consulted. It is also true that the citizens have refused to volunteer, which explains why we have conscription. Yet I do not know whether the people are really opposed to the war strongly enough to refuse to fight.

Wilson and the munition manufacturers cannot fight the war by themselves, nor would they if they could. It takes the mass of population to fight it. It takes, first of all, the labor element to make a war possible. It takes munitions and ships, and even heroes need food. All this neither Teddy nor Woodrow can supply. Labor alone can do it. And evidently Labor is doing it.

If the workers of even one vital industry in this country were honestly and determinedly opposed to war, a hundred proclamations of the President and all the ravings of Congress could not make it a reality. The coal mining industry, for instance. A general strike of the miners would quickly paralyze all the other industries. Neither railroads, factories, nor ships can be run without coal.

Radical leadership could have easily enlightened the toiling masses concerning the plutocratic character of

the war. It could have roused the solidarity of Labor throughout the country into a mighty protest that would have shaken the Wilsons out of their military ambitions. It could have demonstrated the effectiveness of direct economic action and the power of united Labor.

But the misleaders of Labor, with Samuel Gompers at their head, have betrayed and sold the workers body and soul. For years they have been training the toilers to be patient with injustice, to be law-abiding in the face of oppression, to be submissive to tyranny and then proudly assert their sovereignty on the Fourth of July and bravely cast a piece of paper into a box on November. And when the crisis came and the Wilsonites tried to feel the pulse of the people before plunging the country into war, it was Gompers & Co. that rushed to the rescue of the militarists and pledged the patriotic support of the deluded and exploited laboring masses.

But some day they may awaken—awaken as the people of Russia have, and then the Labor climbers and politicians will loose their throne together with the other uncrowned kings of America.

* * *

THE DREAD "Third Division" of the Russian police department, whose special mission it was to "unearth" or manufacture terrorist plots, is now fortunately defunct—in Russia.

But its spirit seems to have been resurrected in the Secret Service of the Federal government. Think of a Democracy having a secret police service, with almost unlimited power and practically irresponsible to any control by the people!

Back of every revolutionary activity in this country, the American "Third Division" is now "unearthing" dark conspiracies hatched with the aid of Prussian *thalers*. Recently they have arrested in San Francisco a well-known Hindu intellectual, Ram Chandra, and eleven of his comrades, who have for years been carrying on a peaceful agitation for the liberation of their countrymen from the strangle hold of the British government. The prisoners are held incommunicado in the black hole of Federal detective secrecy.

And now word reaches us from the Brothers Magon that three Mexican comrades, Raul Palma, Odilon Luna and Miguel Tari were arrested while addressing a gathering at the Mexican Plaza, the open-air public forum of Los Angeles. Our comrades were brutally beaten by the police and then turned over to the Federal authorities. Palma and Luna are charged with being Anarchists, and by telegraphic order from Washington they have been sentenced to be deported to Mexico, which means certain death for our comrades.

The American "Third Division" should be returned to Russia where they know how to treat such vermin.

* * *

DISCUSSING the Root commission, a humorous Russian said, "The Russians have such a primitive way of burial; Root should have taken along an American undertaker."

Figuratively, my friend undoubtedly voiced the sentiments of the Russian Revolutionists. Root is well-known and as thoroughly hated by the radicals of Russia as by those of his native country. It was certainly stupid on the part of Wilson to send to Russia a representative whose irrepressible reactionary character is well calculated to antagonize the Revolutionary elements of Russia. Stupid and yet fitting, for Root is the most class-conscious representative of the American plutocracy, whose interests he is to further in Russia.

In the same spirit the Washington authorities have refused to issue passports to the American Socialists who were to go as delegates to the Stockholm Conven-

tion. The action of the government is no doubt in the highest degree autocratic, yet I rather welcome it. It will serve to enlighten the Stockholm conferees how much more liberal are the monarchs of Europe than the autocrat of America. Most important of all, the Russian delegates will carry convincing proof to their people of the menace and snare of democratic "liberty" in America.

Wilson and Lansing may have unwittingly helped to clarify the true character of the American government to the people of Russia. It may help them to see through the *mirage* of representative government and strengthen them in the determination not to follow in false footsteps, to ignore precedent and to hew their own path in consonance with the instinctive communistic tendencies of the people and the Russian anarchic spirit of liberty and independence.

RUSSIAN exiles by the hundreds are returning from America to their native land. It saddens us to part with them, especially at this crucial moment when true revolutionists are so scarce and yet so badly needed in this benighted country. Yet we are glad that our friends are returning home. Russia is going through the pangs of a new birth. It needs the aid of clear-sighted men and women, of big, courageous souls, the chanteclers of the New Day. Heartily we bid them good speed, and may they energetically help the rebels of Russia to clear away the debris of the old, destroy all that is false and rotten, however democratic in appearance. The Revolution will have been in vain if it will permit old injustice and oppression to survive, though under high-sounding, pleasing "republican" mottoes of Justice, Equality and Fraternity. Away with all sham and pretense! Not a single limb of the thousand headed hydra of government and capitalism must remain intact if Russia is to be really free. No master, no exploiter—that is the only solution, the sole guarantee of liberty, peace and well-being.

* * *

NO FINER spirit of solidaric understanding has ever been shown by American labor than that evidenced by the total suspension of work by the toilers of Seattle, Wash., on May 1, in protest against the Mooney verdict. It lasted only 10 minutes, but it was a golden ten minutes that radiated the deepest understanding and finest comradeship.

It is very likely that this action, and the First of May street demonstration with the members of the Union of Russian workers carrying the red flag, had a good effect upon the trial of the I. W. W.'s in Seattle. At any rate, Tom Tracy, the first of the defendants to be tried, was acquitted and all the other prisoners released without bail.

A similar attitude on the part of the workers of San Francisco would soon open the prison gates to Mooney, Mrs. Mooney, Billings and Weinberg. California labor owes it to them, for it is the cowardly silence of the San Francisco unions that is primarily responsible for the conviction of Billings and Mooney. Had the unions from the very start made a protest against the palpable frame-up, the Fickerts and Swansons would have never dared to go as far as they did. The deliberate silence and in some cases the tacit approval of the District Attorney by the rotten politicians of the San Francisco unions, directly encouraged the fiendish plot of the prosecution.

Not even when Mooney was sentenced to death, on evidently perjured testimony, did the bigwigs of labor show the least interest. But when the whole frame-up was exposed so that even some capitalistic papers in the East became aroused over the attempted judicial murders of innocent workers, then at last the leaders of the S. F. Labor Council and of the Building Trades Council were forced to pale action. But they alone may now not be able to save Mooney and his co-defendants. The thing has gone too far. Though the entire frame-up is exposed, and the whole mur-

derous clique—the Chamber of Commerce and its hirelings Fickert, Cunha, Oxman, et al—are convicted of perjury and subornation of perjury—it does not matter. The beast is holding on to its prey, aye, tightening its clutches. Tom Mooney is still under sentence of death, with no new trial granted. Indeed, they have had the brazen effrontery to bring Mrs. Rena Mooney to trial!

It seems unbelievable, yet it is true. The very District Attorney who has been plotting in cold blood to commit judicial murder, is the official prosecutor of Rena Mooney! And the people of San Francisco actually permit this fiendish outrage, this Satan's play, to continue! It were better that not a soul had escaped from the earthquake and fire that destroyed the city in 1906!

There is no hope in San Francisco. If these labor martyrs are to be saved, the workers throughout the country will have to act, at once, and in no uncertain manner. The following telegram, just received from San Francisco, states the situation clearly:

Superior Court to-day held Oxman for trial. Chief Justice Angelotti said evidence of Oxman's guilt overwhelming. Special committee appointed by San Francisco Labor Council and Building Trade Council appeared in person before Att'y Gen. Webb, requesting answer on his disposition of Judge Griffin's request, confessing error in my case. Att'y General said that the records did not show error and it would be impossible to confess same. Powerful publicity, monster demonstrations absolutely necessary for successful outcome. California lynch law crowd fighting desperately to save themselves. This precludes a new trial unless the unforeseen happens.

Give these facts widest publicity.

TOM MOONEY.

The Shame of California

Robert Minor

THERE is not the slightest doubt that within ten years the entire press and public of America, however steeped in hate and prejudice against the class known as the "labor agitator," will admit that the prosecution of the Mooneys, Nolan, Weinberg and Billings in San Francisco was the most shameless crime of the century. For the record is indelible and so indisputable that even in this day of hot-headed controversy there is no one so brazen as to attempt a defensive explanation of the perjury conspiracy against the labor defendants. The trapped, branded and proven perjurers and suborners that have given San Francisco the name of a village of thugs will within a decade be universally referred to as the classis scoundrels of the city's history.

But why must we wait until the shame is made complete? Why must San Francisco in future years blush for the crime of hired public murder consummated, instead of merely to blush for the plot uncovered and stamped out? It is the fault of human cowardice.

Yes, the hanging of the labor prisoners proceeds without hesitation. Tom Mooney remains under the shadow of the gallows. His principal murderer-by-perjury has been as thoroughly shown up as ever man was. Two of the next most important of the witnesses of the State have confessed that they lied his life away.

Frank C. Oxman, the "honest cattleman from Oregon," has lost his appeal to the Supreme Court of California on writ of habeas corpus to escape prosecution for his letters offering to pay for perjury against Mooney. He is to be tried for the felony.

Mrs. Mellie Edeau and her daughter Sadie have been visited by attorneys for Mooney in company with Chief of

Police Peterson and Police Inspector Smith, of Oakland. Mrs. Edeau admitted to all of them that she had first reported seeing "two old men with a black suitcase—two very old, feeble men—at the corner of Steuart and Market street," and that she had called at the jail in San Francisco to see Mooney and Billings and reported positively that they were not the men she saw. When she later learned that Estelle Smith was going to win a large reward for saying Billings and Mooney were at 721 Market street, she changed her story. Asked why she did this, Mrs. Edeau first took a revolver and tried to shoot attorney O'Connor and then explained that "her soul told her Billings was guilty." "When I saw the brown eyes of my dear dead husband," said Mrs. Edeau, "I knew I must do it."

Yet, the prosecutor for the Chamber of Commerce does not ask that Mooney be given a new trial. Instead, he is now trying to hang Rena Mooney and has announced that **FRANK C. OXMAN WILL BE USED AS A WITNESS AGAINST HER.** Doubtless the Edeau woman will be used, also.

THE selection of jurors is now going on. The prosecutors are asking prospective jurymen "Are you prejudiced against giving the death penalty to a woman on circumstantial evidence?" Of course the jurors are not.

It is hard to predict just how the Chamber of Commerce will present its case. But, judging from the past, they will bring out a new corps of witnesses whose records and inducements have not been exposed. They have done this twice before.

The Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco is making anarchists faster than Alexander Berkman is. Labor at last has its eyes fastened upon the Pacific Coast crime. Labor will understand this case, and that is more important, Tom Mooney says, than to save their lives.

Never has there been so clear a lesson. There are a few who have learned. Tragedies of this kind bring out the

qualities of men in places where they are least expected to understand. We all remember a man that was called "Governor Altgeld of Illinois," who, in 1893 was enrolled on the books of history as "Altgeld, the Man." There are signs of the making of one or two more Men in this California tragedy.

For, despite every power of vice, greed and vengeance, Franklin A. Griffin, the judge who sentenced Mooney to death, is now working his hardest to undo the wrong. A police judge, Mathew Brady, has also disobeyed orders from the Chamber of Commerce. He has held the honest perjurer from Oregon to answer for his crime against Mooney. Brady has resisted as fierce an onslaught as ever a man braved.

As a result of Brady's stand, insisting on holding Oxman in spite of the plea of the shameless prosecutor that he had no case against Oxman, his own perjury accomplice, even the Court of Appeal and the Supreme Court have had to verify the truth.

Attorney General Webb, however, refused at first to even answer a letter from the Labor Council asking why he does not immediately confess error and give Mooney a new trial. When waited upon by a committee from all the State and City Labor Organizations, the attorney general was evasive and points out that a technicality stands in the way of releasing Mooney from the death grip of the Frame-Up Ring. (**RESPECT THE LAW, OH WORKERS!**)

The attorney general, however, let a cat out of the bag in excusing himself for not answering the Labor Council letter. He explained that he is flooded with similar letters and telegrams from all over the United States in such volume that he cannot answer them. Labor organizations comprising millions in their membership have hounded him with the pertinent question.

If Tom Mooney hangs, Labor will know why. If Rena Mooney is convicted, Labor will know why. That is the important thing.

The Breaking of the Ice

WE are in Russia. The Neva is frozen. Heavy carriages roll upon its surface. They improvise a city. They lay out streets. They build houses. They buy. They sell. They laugh. They dance. They permit themselves anything. They even light fires on this water become granite. There is winter, there is ice, and they shall last forever. A gleam pale and wan spreads over the sky, and one would say that the sun is dead. But no, thou art not dead, oh Liberty! At an hour when they have most profoundly forgotten thee; at a moment when they least expect thee, thou shalt arise, dazzling sight! Thou shalt shoot thy bright and burning rays, thy heat, thy life, on all this mass of ice become hideous and dead. Do you hear that dull thud, that crackling, deep and dreadful? 'Tis the Neva tearing loose. You said it was granite. See, it splits like grass. 'Tis the

breaking of the ice, I tell you. 'Tis the water alive, joyous and terrible. Progress recommences. 'Tis humanity again beginning its march. 'Tis the river which retakes its course, uproots, mangles, strikes together, crushes and drowns in its waves not only the empire of upstart Czar Nicholas, but all of the relics of ancient and modern despotism. That trestle work floating away? It is the throne. That other trestle? It is the scaffold. That old book, half sunk? It is the old code of capitalist laws and morals. That old rookery just sinking? It is a tenement house in which wage slaves lived. See these all pass by; passing by never more to return; and for this immense engulfing, for this supreme victory of life over death, what has been the power necessary? One of thy looks, O Sun! **One stroke of thy strong arm, O Labor!**

The Cry of the Nations

Edward Carpenter

LIKE a great cry these words today rise from the lips of the nations—"Never Again!" Never before certainly have such enormous masses of human beings been locked in deadly grip with each other over the earth, and never before, equally certainly, has their warfare been so horrible in its deliberate preparation, so hideous, so ghastly in its after effects, as today. The nations stand round paralyzed with disgust and despair, almost unable to articulate; and when they do find voice it is with the words above written. How are we to give effect to the cry? Must

we not call upon the workers of all countries—those who are the least responsible for the inception of wars, and yet who suffer most by them, who bear the brunt of the wounds, the slaughter, the disease and the misery which are a necessary part of them—to rise up and forbid them for ever from the earth? Let us do so! For though few may follow and join with us today, yet tomorrow and every day in the future, and every year, as the mass-peoples come into their own, and to the knowledge of what they are and what they desire to be, those numbers will increase, till the cry itself

is no longer a mere cry but an accomplished fact. It is a hopeful sign that not only among bewildered onlookers and outsiders but among the soldiers themselves (of the more civilized countries) this cry is being taken up. Who, indeed, should know better than they what they are talking about? The same words are on the lips at this moment of thousands of French and English and German and Russian soldiers, and in no faint-hearted or evasive sense, but with the conviction and indignation of experience. We may hope they will not be forgotten this time when the war is over.

Army Recruiting Methods

Maxwell Bodenheim

ON ONE of the busiest street corners of New York stands an open-air army recruiting-station. As I passed by, a young corporal with a megaphone was screaming to a fairly-large crowd of jocund, carefully-dressed idlers, contented-faced, elaborately-covered women, stiff-eyed clerks, and shiny, heavily-cherubic business men.

I stopped to listen.

He raised up the flag beside him.

"All those who honor this emblem of united democracy—this emblem that has always been carried to glorious victory—take off your hats!"

Every man in the crowd instantly removed his hat. Even some of the women indecisively plucked at their fashionable hats, for a moment, and then reconsidered the matter.

The corporal made the usual impressive pause.

"Now" he shouted. "All those who honor our president for the courageous stand he has taken in defense of humanity and democracy, say aye!"

The crowd promptly shouted, in response.

Another theatrical pause from the corporal.

"Now! All those who are willing to shoulder a gun and support our president in his glorious stand—all those who are willing to serve in the United States Army, step forward!"

Nobody stepped forward. Ten seconds passed by—still nobody stepped forward. The hat-snatching and the shouting had been easy, and had stimulated the crowd to a pleasant sense of righteousness. But the command to join the army was like a dash of mountain-brook water. Everybody stood nervously, perplexedly.

It was the noon-hour, and their shops and offices were insidiously beckoning to them. Or, perhaps, it was shopping and theatre-matinee, to those who toiled not with their hands.

The change from high-sounding phrase to ugly reality gave these people the reaction of bewildered children. They must have obviously known what the climax of the corporal's talk would be, but they had expected an indirect appeal instead of a straight challenge. They squirmed about, miserably. They were all unconscious traitors—according to the strict law of the land they should all have been immediately

arrested. They all stood there, suddenly realizing how much they liked their peaceful lives. . . .

The corporal went on, passing smoothly into a scourg-ing of the Kaiser. I looked about me, and saw men sighing relievedly. Soon the crowd recovered its shattered composure, and settled down to eager listening and quick applause.

A militia lieutenant took the stand. He spoke of his wife and mother—how they had blessed him for giving up a lucrative position and joining his command. He spoke of the men who, he claimed, had rushed to the marriage license bureau when war was declared, and he smothered them with indignation. He blessed all women, and said that if the law permitted, an army of them could be raised in a week.

(This last statement awoke the men in the crowd to a sense of indulgent admiration, and they glanced approvingly at the smartly-gowned women beside them, while the women broadly smiled.)

He gave no serious, logical, patriotic argument, but seemed to place his entire dependence upon obvious sentimentality.

He talked for ten minutes. Then he suddenly pointed a finger at the crowd.

"You! You two men back there, what are you smiling about? If you think this is a show, get out of here! Take those grins off your faces!"

A sergeant and two privates hurried at once through the crowd, to the two men.

The men frightenedly expostulated, and said that their smiles had been innocent.

The sergeant would have no explanations.

"The lieutenant wouldn't a' spoken to you, if you had'n't had a nasty expression on your faces!" he thundered.

Has some new law been passed, making it treason to smile? And in what way can it be determined, at a distance, whether a smile is one of hearty approval, or humorous contempt?

These are interesting questions, and to me they seem difficult ones. But army officers find them very simple.

NO-CONSCRIPTION MASS MEETING

MONDAY JUNE 4th 8 P.M.

Hunt's Point Palace, 953 So. Boulevard

SPEAKERS: Alexander Berkman; Emma Goldman; Louis Baury; "Mother" Yuster; Mrs. Stella Comyn Ballantine; Mrs. Shapiro; Leonard D. Abbott; Kate Siebel; Rose Yuster; Robert H. Hutchinson; Louis' C. Fraina; Winter Russel and others, among them young men of conscriptable age.

Help Our No-Conscription Work

Send Funds to Alexander Berkman

